**When the Master Calls the Roll**

*Roseanne Cash*

Girl with hair of flaming red

Seeking perfect lover

For to lie down on her feather bed

Soft secrets to uncover

Must be gentle, must be strong

With disposition sunny

Just as faithful as the day is long

And careful with his money

And so the open letter read

The news boy did deliver

Three months later plans were made to wed

Down by the King James river

Lo, the season may come

Lo, the season may go

What love has joined together

Will forever be made whole

Oh my darling will you leave?

Take me to the altar

I don’t have strength to watch you as you leave

But my love will never falter

Oh my darling Marianne

The march to war is calling

Somewhere far across these southern lands

The bands of brothers falling

My tender bride, the times demand

That I leave you with your mother

With my father’s rifle in one hand

Your locket in the other

Lo, the season may come

Lo, the season may go

Beware the storm clouds gather

Take heed immortal soul

When the master calls the roll

But can this union be preserved?

The soldier boy was crying

I will never travel back to her

But not for lack of trying

It’s a love of one true heart at last

That made the boy a hero

But a rifle ball and a cannon blast

Cut him down to zero

Oh Virginia once I came

I’ll see you when I’m younger

And I’ll know you by your hills again

This town from 6 feet under

Lo, the season may come

Lo, the season may go

What man has torn asunder

Will someday be made whole

Though the storm clouds gather

Let the union be made whole

When the master calls the roll